





THE
NEW
ENCOUNTER

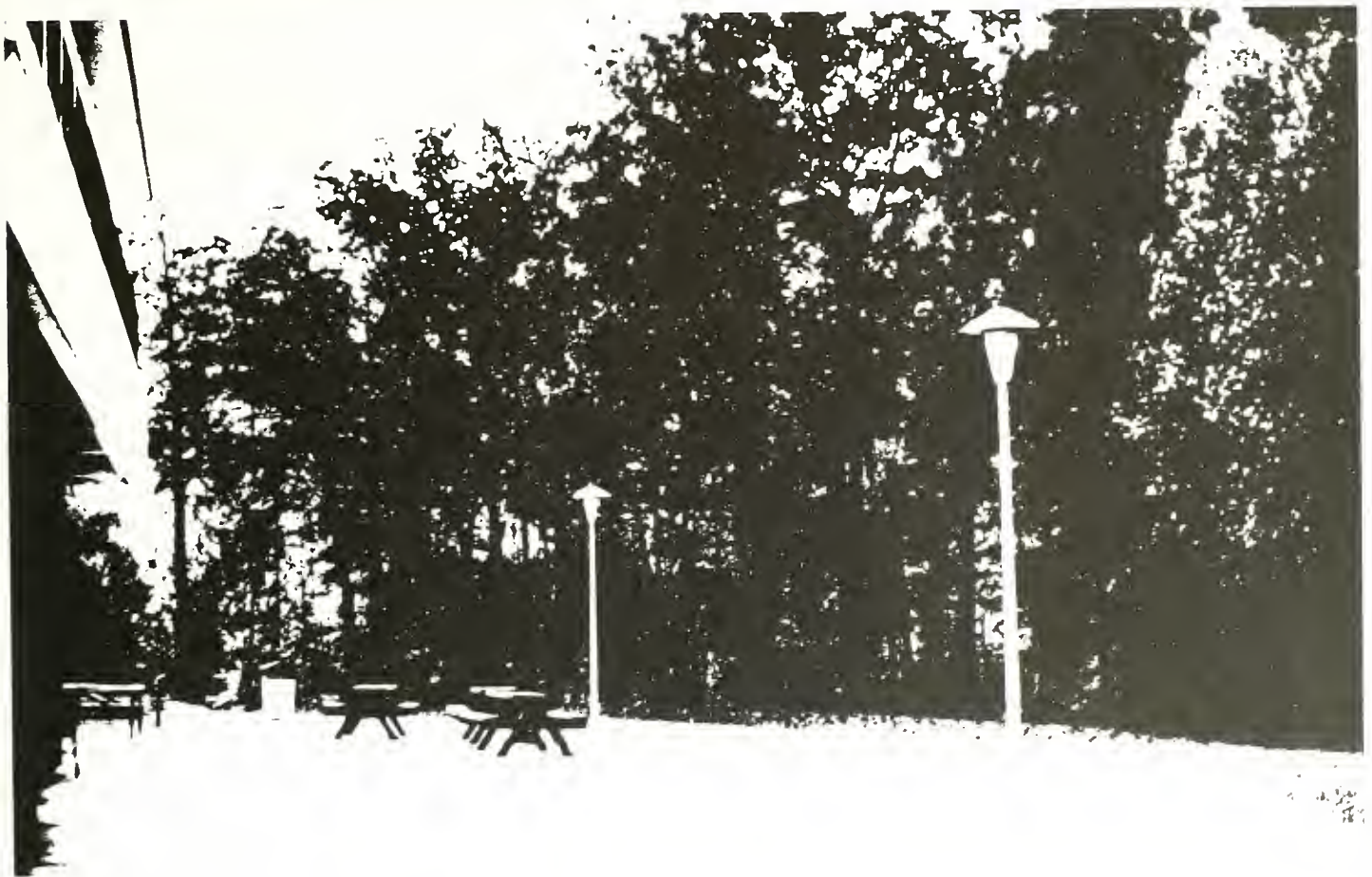
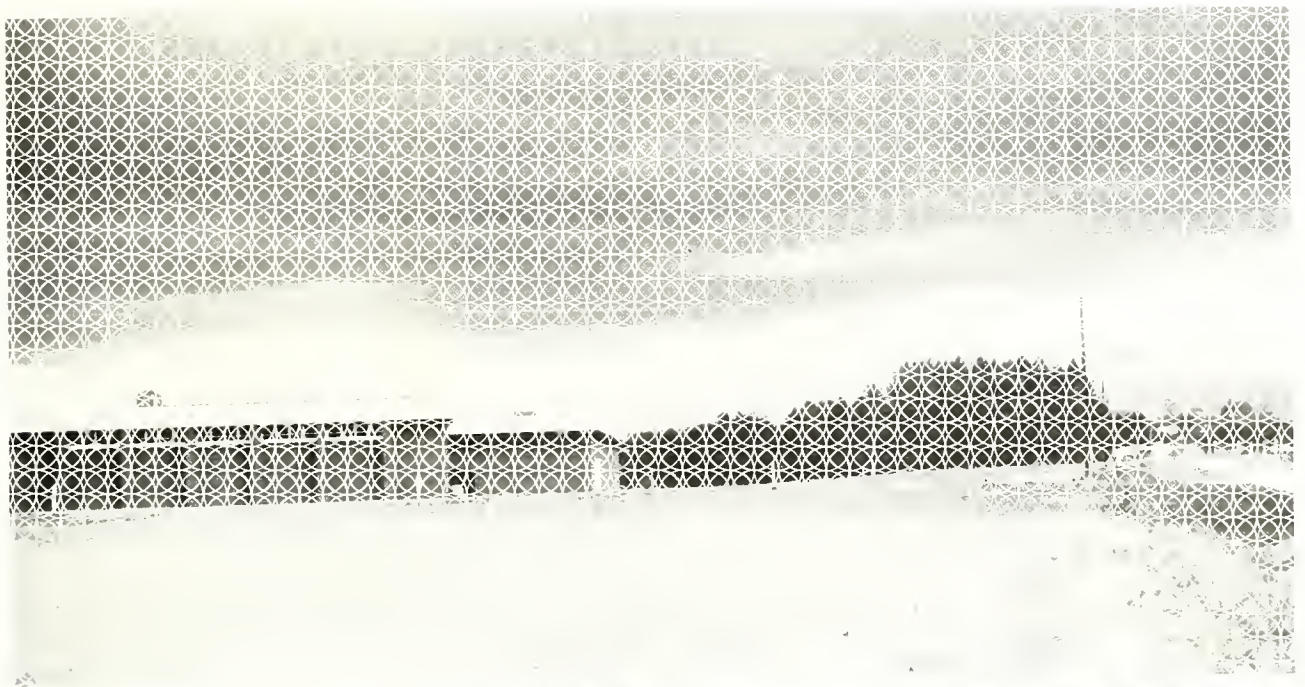


If I could tell the world what I feel at times, she would slap me in the face; for no one given the breath of life should feel selfpity.

Everyone has an ultimate dream, but only the fool dreams of ultimate freedom.

Debbie Price

1974 NEW ENCOUNTER
A First For
Rockingham Community College
Wentworth
North Carolina



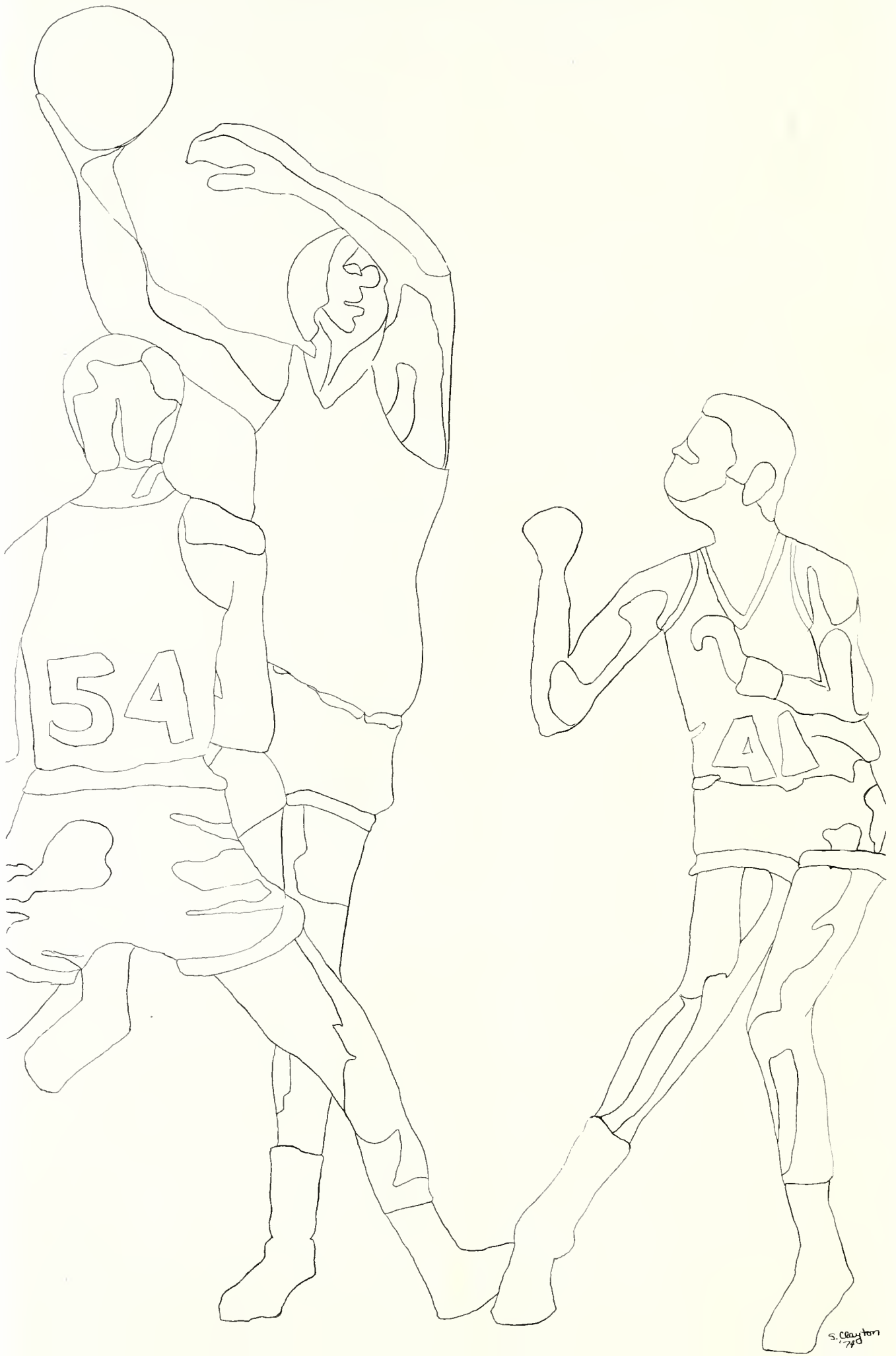








Susie Clayton



Susie Clayton
1980

A True Story

Have you ever watched an ant trapped in a sand pit?

The pit is built by an ant lion, an insect that sits on the rim of the pit and watches his victim struggle futilely to crawl out. The slopes are constructed at just the right angle so that the sand loses its cohesive qualities. The sand particles break apart as the ant struggles and send the ant tumbling back to the bottom. The lion ant waits until his prey is overcome with exhaustion; then he kills.

I was like that ant in 1961 when I was a member of a 147-member team that took part in the Bay of Pigs Invasion.

I flattened out on my stomach, while tumbling down a slope, and tried to find a handhold with my fingers. But the Cuban clay is worse than sand. There is a skim covering the clay which lets your fingers slide through. The clay is volcanic ash, but it seems more like water.

A machine gun was chattering its song of death as the bullets dug deeply into the clay. One bullet sent a shower of dust into my eyes. I choked, sucking more dust into my lungs. At 12,000 feet I was having enough trouble just trying to breathe.

My troubles seemed close to ending. I was really falling now! The whole slope of volcanic ash and clay disintegrated. Rocks were falling. First little ones, then boulders. Trying to protect my head with my hands, I was suddenly tossed up in a cartwheel. The sound of tons of rock and ash breaking loose was deafening. I fell back but started to grope my way back up again. When I felt solid stone I wedged myself into a crevasse. I had landed on a small ledge; and I knew I had a chance to live if I could cling to the crevasse and if the ledge didn't slip.

The rock slide continued for another 60 seconds or so. The silence afterwards was overwhelming, awesome, and broken only by the shrill calls of ravens.

My bloodshot eyes teared, washing the dust out. The landscape below was buried. A rivulet of ash and shale still stirred. Even under the protection of my crevasse, I was buried in ash up to my thighs.

After about 30 minutes I heard them coming — two men; their feet slapping the debris at regular intervals so I could tell they were using ropes. When they paused, I could hear them poking about in the rocks with rifle butts. Finally they moved below me, about 50 feet to my left.

The men wore ash-covered combat uniforms, apparently from P.O.W.'s or dead soldiers. Each held a nylon rope in one hand and a semi-automatic 9MM in the other hand. Their similarity to an American G.I. ended. One of the men was a young gold-colored Chicana who had a robust appearance. The second was old and very darkened by the sun; he was as thin as an ironwood tree, and he clamped a cold cigar in his teeth.

I set the sights of my Colt Automatic .45 on one man and then on the other man, thinking of my buddies' annihilation and how I'd love to have the Army recruiter with me. Most .45's have a long trigger pull. Mine didn't. The hammer came forward the instant I squeezed.

The Chicano's head snapped back as the bullet sang inches from his head. The old man clamped his cigar in a face-splitting grin. He had a strange sense of humor. As he lifted his semi-automatic, the Chicane stopped him and said to me in English, "Now don't tell me you're angry, Sarge." He laughed, "We can help you or destroy you."

I cursed him, my C.O., Cuba, President Kennedy, and of course, the Army recruiter with his talk of how the Army builds men.

I remember glancing up in case another slide was starting. I expected to see the ugly snout of a machine gun, or at least the heads of a gun crew peering down at me. There was nothing but black ash and volcanic rock.

Facing the Chicano, I asked him why he had spared me? He spoke to his pardner, and they both began laughing. Then he turned to me and said that he thought I'd make a good training exercise.

To think a turncoat, traitorous Chinaco could laugh at a Ranger and use him as a "training exercise" infuriated me. My thumb tightened against the grip of my .45.

"How many others of my company have you used for training purposes?"

He laughed and translated to his pardner. Still laughing he answered, "None! It just so happens that you are the last left alive."

I could hear again the words of my Ranger school instructor, "Always do the unexpected, covered with a smile and a soft voice."

"Alright," I answered gently, "and now it's time for your training."

I shot the Chicano and his dark-skinned pardner off their ropes.

What was it they said in Ranger training? "Fear can be conquered," according to Army recruiter, career combat specialist, and Ranger instructors. You are trained to control emotions, think rationally, and build self-confidence to such a degree you'll think you're unbeatable, not only collectively, as a team, but also as an individual.

This incident was the most terrifying of my life, but my training as a member of the 19th Rangers helped me to survive the Bay of Pigs fiasco and return to the states only slightly wounded.

I was awarded the silver star. For bravery?

The End

By Lacy Wray

Ever see a blossom a bud to be?
Or find an acorn the envy of oak tree?
A backward glance?
Nature wouldn't permit
such a dubious delight.
For the bud may finish
what the oak did start.
And round such a circle
first and last remain far apart.

Paul Williamson

Outside

gazing into the white holes in all minds,
seeing the bright stones of life —
until the guards see me,
scream outward in arrows
at the slit where my Face is hidden,
a slicking quick slash,
the lanterns in the shuffle,
and a knight in night-armor, I
i run from the well-lit place,
and my arm, behind, bleeds.

Terry Mayew

christmas day 1973

God is a circle whose center is everywhere
and circumference nowhere.
and this circle am i
knowing no beginning
knowing no end.

only a drop in a ring of tides
to and fro
things come and go
and only now may be known.
as divine as the leaf
i touch first the sky
then lay upon the earth
with each moment between
no more winter than spring.

Paul Williamson

Like the dew that sparkles
on the morning meadow —
I see your loving smile,
and know I cannot forget
All the times we've shared together.

And if that smile keeps sparkling,
the days of our lives will
rejoice — forever more . . .

Then, we shall attain the greatest
reward on earth —
that being happiness.

Mike Brame

I want to write how I feel for you
 But I can't even dream of starting to.
 Who can tell about the gentle of holding?
 Just try to express the spring unfolding.
 How can I word the smile of smiling,
 The love of loving, the beguile of beguiling?

It's all so simple for you and me.
 Fancy words and a song won't make us be.
 All we need is to keep it burning
 'Cause this old world will keep on turning
 If I can't say why we get along
 Since we don't need fancy words and a song.

Who are **You?**

I am to some but a memory,
 So insignificant and small.
 To some, I am but a number
 To others, I'm no one at all.

I am to some but a face
 To many I'm only a name.
 To a few, I am merely a shell,
 But to God, I'm always the same.



Sun peeking beyond tear-laden clouds —
 Flowers protruding timidly through the fertile, brown earth
 Birds emerging decrepitly from their protecting-shells —
 And while they bestow beauty, felicity, and necessities,
 Covetous smiles erupt from disgruntled frowns.
 Isn't it queer that simple, soulless beings are able to offer so much,
 While our greedy selves give so little?

On Loss of Innocence

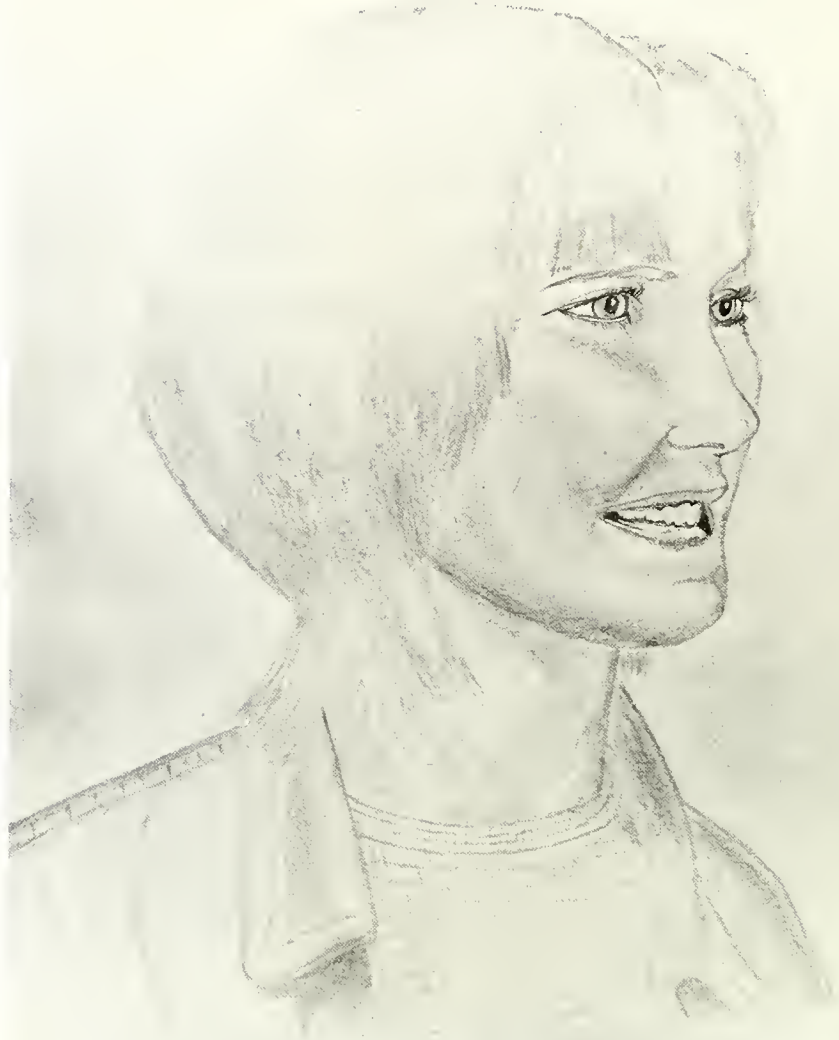
Sometimes I remember my youth,
 Recalling my faith and my truth,
 And I marvel at my childish ways,
 Living for the warmth of the days.

And my arms were always stretched out,
 Not asking what life was about,
 Yet clinging to those willing to give
 But a smile, thus, a reason to live.

Yet I feel my arms growing weak
 And the warm days becoming bleak.
 Still, I long for the life I once knew,
 But cannot return because of you.

Pam Sounders

Portrait by Jessie Sutton



The enigma throbs.
The loud pulse pushing life.
A spasm over there, a
Seizure behind me.

Once I rode oxygen cells,
 sliding, speeding, succeeding.
Through huge arteries in a tiny body.
The steady reliable beat
 seated me in a second of folding chair security —
 — a perfect fit.

The perpetual throb persists.
The punctual pulse pushes.
Seizures become repetitious.
But all is different now.
Outside is different from inside.

Paul Williamson

Sing a Song: A Response
to Walt Whitman's Paem
"Song of Myself"

You sing your song and I begin to feel the melody; I can begin to see things as you see things as you see them and now I take them unto myself. I see things not with your eyes but as you have seen them. I make comment to you and follow you. Then my eyes are opened and I begin to sing your song. But, you are too great; you expand yourself; you travel beyond the bounds of time. You are the youth of all youths; the zest for life and the reach of life even if it draws its strength from a sun a thousand suns from mine. I go with you; I see with my own eyes; I see and know. So why do you try to confuse me? Why do you tell me of people and of life in such endless detail? Do you suppose I think them different from myself? You say at the age of thirty-seven you begin; no doubt at the age of thirty-eight you will also begin, because "Now" is what is important and yesterday is past and tomorrow is still a dream world that will be what today and tomorrow make from the things that are now. You say you are all things. If you believe this then why tell through endless lists each thing that you are.

You have the supreme knowledge of Gods. As it is spoken in the Bible, you have known the truth and the truth has set you free. You know back to the molten beginnings and so on to the last breath of any who shall ever live. But "Now" is life; you have said this and I believe you. I will bring what you say back; make it recede to one life and one time and point out the endings and sorrows that are bound up with living one life. I will not let you go beyond the relative bounds of truth with your multifaceted points of view. Any point of view is relative to your perception and you juggle points of view and precepts so that everything you see is truth. Take what I say as truth and in your own words I will prove that it is so. Follow me as I show that I have learned what you have also learned. Follow me as I am guided by you through my own memory. See that I have swum in the river and launed beneath pine trees; known the thrill of youth. I have faced my opposite equal and smiled with a knowledge as old as time as I laughed with the red-faced girl and led her up the hill. I have lain at night and seen the stars and felt the forces of all the generations past beating in my heart. What there were, I partly am, and what I am, others will someday be. And, whether the focal point be stars or grass or a drink at a bar, or the use of hard drugs, the truth is there. It shows the infinite paths to unknown ends; but at the end of every path you come face to face with God. There are infinite places to double back and endless places to retreat but nowhere to hide.

Just as the 1970 "flower children" became the 1971 and 1972 "hippies" who saw the face of God at the end

of a needle or on the mental fringe of mind destroying drugs, you retreated and doubled back when you contemplated the inhumanity of war and the senseless suffering and destruction of four hundred and twelve young men and the burning of an old mother. The "hippies" have become the "Jesus freaks" who are living in experimental communes in the tradition of the Puritans. They are on the frontier of the nonconformist movement that has once more in the cyclic affairs of man traveled a full circle. As for you, you stepped to a higher plane and drew different conclusions from the things that are encompassed by yourself. At the bottom of it all is truth and at the bottom of truth is life. Through all eternity moves the urge, the primitive procreative urge that speaks through time and through each blade of grass; and, indeed, through all things that live. All things were not then they are; and then are not once more, but the urge is always answered and they always live again. But, in the hard light of reality all these things encompass death and go beyond; but I, the individual, only live before death. I began; then I am; then I live. How? To what end, with what joy, happiness, sorrow, pain? These are the things that are my affairs, but not death. Through this you stand apart from me. You are me or rather, I, you. You are manifest in a great barrel of wheat, a field of wheat, a tremendous mass of all the grains of wheat, both past and present. I am one, only one grain of wheat in all the masses. You have expanded yourself, even though you cling to the face that you exist as only one. In your body and in your life you are but one, but in your mind and ideals you are all. You have spoken: "I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own, and I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own, and that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women my sisters and lovers. So you embrace me and take me into yourself. And, it is always so, that as you perceive the truth about something you become that thing in the reality of your mind. In this, I follow you and I believe in you. But then you perceive part of the meaning of the grass; and as you perceive the grass you take it into yourself and grow even larger.

Now is when you reach the point of growing too large. How dare you say now that you are I for I have tasted my own blood. It is true that you have tried to encompass me for when I walked into battle you were with me. I, a being who is both unjust and cruel, not a fine hero like your four hundred and twelve young men. We stopped at the top of a hill overlooking a settlement of small farmers. I felt a stir within me, a bloodlust, an anticipation of the kill. My comrades and I are a savage band, free-booters, raiders. My muscles leaped and my heart pounded with the joy of the charge. And now I take

you from your lofty perch and now you see and feel first-hand as the fire and fear, terror and death, are upon them in an instant. I rape and I kill, stabbing and rending, each one the equal to the other. Their fear is a living thing; as is my joy; and you are with me. You know my savage exaltation at their helplessness. But then, we are beaten back; they are reinforced by chance, by some strange circumstance. I flight like a fiend, like no being from earth. Each stab of my blade is joy; each foe's blood is a sacrifice on my altar. My own blood, my sweat and the heat and strength of my body is an epic poem; and you are with me. Then, I am beaten down, my strength ebbs and I look for rest. You know my fear; my panic is your panic. I fight with blind hope; fatigue and fear weigh my hand. At last, helpless and hysterical, I run, I look for life and you are there; and my search is your search. I fall sobbing and breathing the dust, tasting my own blood, lying face down in my own vomit. The light fades from my eyes and then you cry out; "Enough! Enough! Enough!" You start anew, "Corpses rise, gashes heal," You lied! You are me, and I, you, but you left me; and then the peace engulfed me. I did not care, it was kind; it was relief. No matter how much more suffering there will ever be, for me it was finished. I need endure no more.

So you see, I, the individual, am but one grain of wheat taken from the barrel; one grain taken from the mass that you are. Surely you know me; surely I am taken into account. Without the individual, there is no mass. Yet, I am one, you are many. I was not, then I am, then I will not be once more. The question is "Did I pass on life?" That is all that matters to you. The procreant urge must be appeased; all else is the affair of one grain that is one cell in a great body.

So now you have reached your higher plain; but, in doing so, you have lost the ability to be all things. It is clear to see that the brutal aspects of death and sorrow, and negative philosophies about life and all things cruel and unjust will no longer be a vocal part of you. You still profess to be all things but it is a hollow admission that in the heart of man there is the capacity to be cruel; there is the ability to find joy and a primitive fulfillment in the commission of atrocities.

You disdain sniveling and whimpering but you simply do not speak of the farmer who lives in a miserable sod hut and who is barely able to feed his sickly, ragged children. After a day of brutally hard labor, he collapses on a filthy mound of blankets piled on the dirt floor only to rise and face the same miserable existence after a few hours of uncomfortable sleep. Instead, you speak of the high-headed tiller of the soil who plows his own land with his own team. He is the strong-armed, honest-living, spirit of the American dream. He is the proud man who

bows to no earthly king. He lives in a home built by his own hands and carves a living for himself and his family through the honest efforts of a healthy body and a pure mind. At night he sits at the door of his sod hut and smiles at his young wife and then looks peacefully at the stars above him and out over the great rolling prairie; then quietly strums his guitar, singing softly to his children.

It is not hard to see that the all-encompassing "Walt" will take unto himself the man who has the optimistic point of view. You see, it is all in the point of view. Both farmers are in the same situation. It is only their outlook that makes one a hero and the other worse than a slave.

You speak of death while life still goes on. Now, you are interested in politics, wars, markets, newspapers, school. You have spoken: "Magnifying and applying come I, Outbidding at the start the old cautious hucksters, Taking myself the exact dimensions of Jehovan," . . . and all other Gods. "Taking them all for what they are worth and not a cent more, . . . Accepting the rough deific sketched to fill out better in myself, bestowing them freely on each man and each woman I see, . . ." Now you are truthful in your concept of yourself; you take on the aspects of a God. From your lofty perch where you encompass all that is good (Good being defined by you as including both death and hardships), you disburse your great knowledge. It is your self-imposed mission to try to open the eyes of the first farmer, and, yes, even the warrior-raider whom you would have once professed to be. Once they see the road of life and walk it in the direction they freely choose, then they will be taken in by the great "Walt" who is truly a prophet or an angel; or a manifestation of the great life — God who is the basis of all religion.

You rise from your worship of every God ever worshipped through every rite that was ever known to mankind and you speak the age-old words of hope and faith. You give the age-old religious poltice that is the cure for all ills. Only this time, the worship is of no idol or of any image but of life itself. Like words spoken from the clouds, you speak for yourself as well as for all men and you say these words: "Be at peace bloody flukes of doubters and sullen mopers, I take my place among you as much as among any, The past is the push of you, me, all, precisely the same, And what is yet untried and afterward is for you, me, all precisely the same. I do not know what is untried and afterward, but I know it will in its turn prove sufficient, and cannot fail. Each who passes is considered, each who stops is considered, not a single one can it fail." You open men's eyes to good even when they suffer ill and you guide them. You try to make them see that it is pain itself that makes one able

to perceive beauty; makes one know and understand a new depth to what one sees around him. It is sorrow and lost, rootless searching that makes emotions only hinted at in milder climates stand clear.

To know is proof of the fact that you have struggled for knowledge, for it is only after struggle that anyone declares in resounding chords that his flesh has become a great poem since he has rejected that which insults his soul.

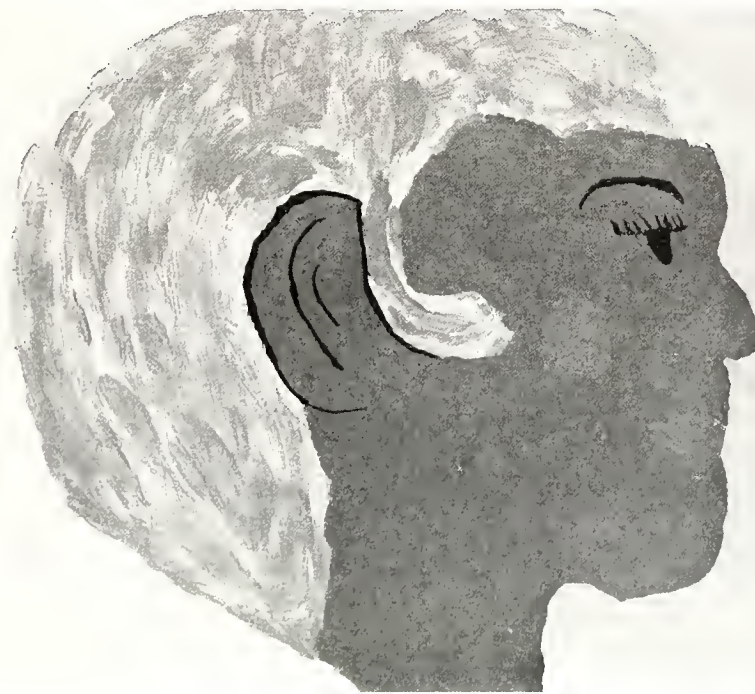
And, now, you become like a guide who leads pioneers through a wilderness land. The path is there to be traveled alone; indeed, you have traveled it alone. No, it is not the only path and each man is free to follow his own choice. You have not written of "The" way but of "A" way. By writing, you are speaking to me through time; through generations of our own kind. By writing you make me a gift for to write is to say, I am the victor, I have fought with myself, with reason, with all past knowledge and even with the universe, and this grain of truth I have won and I will guide you through the wilderness to that truth. As you speak to me and guide me it is a kindness, a giving process. You have fought hard for this

truth and you will give it to me if I will reach out for it. You cannot walk the road for me, I must struggle on my own but my struggle should be less than yours because you have marked the path. You will help and when I am beaten down, it is right that you should say, "Were mankind murderous or jealous upon you, my brother, my sister? I am sorry for you, they are not murderous or jealous upon me, All has been gentle with me, I keep no account with lamentation, (What have I to do with lamentation?) And, you shall feel no lamentation for I am a grain of wheat and you are all wheat, both past and present, and you should be at peace about life and at peace with God because in life your path was real and your guide, truth.

After your counseling, I stand alone at the top of a knoll and face eternity and the clock ticks away the minutes that measure the moments that I will live; and I begin. This night I will sleep in a bed; and in the morning, I will put on my boots (each on the proper foot) and in all probability, eat a bowlful of corn flakes . . . and begin. And, the next day . . . begin.

By Noal Hale

Shirley Miller — Self-Portrait





Batik
Mildred Reynolds

Lines by Cindi Oakley



SRD LINE



FRAGMENTED

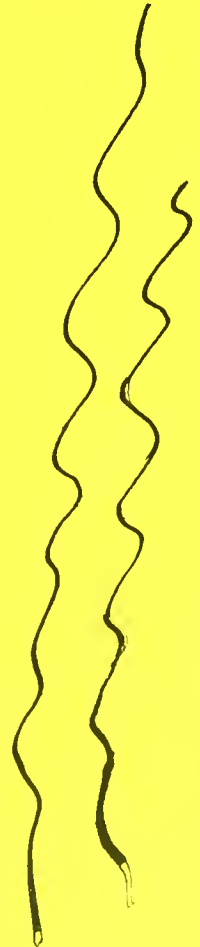


STRONG

Sounds of Chaos
Sounds of chaos in the air
Sounds of trees that aren't there
Nature's signs are all but gone
Leaving factories, which give us smog.
Signs of chaos in the air
Leave the woods all but bare,
Signs of life all about
Driving people within, without.
Signs of chaos in the air
Someone's dead, people stare
People leave, who gets involved
People have their own little smags.
Ned Holliman



FRANTIC



love
changes people
in many ways
I changed-
from a quite
innocent girl
to a woman
loving a man
but now
you also
have changed
from
a man loving
one woman
to many-
As I slowly
sink back
into my
childhood
Jeannie Clayton

Love
hurts everyone it touches
you may think you have been touched
but you'll never know
till you feel like me-
for there are no real words
to express how I feel
Jeannie Clayton

The love we share
Will last till eternity
The rocks that lie in the road
We will cross together
No matter how many or how hard
With all the trust we have
There will always be a way

How can one small four letter
Word hurt so many people-
So many ways-
 love

Like a hot branding iron
Everyone is left with a
Well seen scar
 Jeannie Clayton



Gayle Tatarski

Mel's Italian — American Cuisine
306 W. Academy Street
Madison, N.C.
427-3377
Dine in-or-Food to Go



Gayle Tatarski

You are like the rain
That showers on me soft
Your touch a drop
Runs down my skin
It tingles and I laugh.
Catherine Russell

October
Sometimes a blown leaf
Will stir a memory
Of when you and I
Were one in June

Then the wind stirs
Through October country
Sweeps the air clean
My mind as well

Now I am one
Content with alone
And only the leaves
To dance the wind
Catherine Russell





Gayle Tatarski

How can I say I am sorry
With all the words in the world
Why can't I find the one's I am looking for
And if or when I do find them
Will you hear me-
Will you have turned off your mind-
To me

Will your heart still be open
Like the book I write in
Or closed tight and stuffed
Back up on the dusty shelf
Jeannie Clayton



Promise

Will you kiss me each morning,
Always be true,
And take out the garbage
If I marry you?

Chauvinist — (noun) A male who possesses incredible
knowledge and insight into the workings of the
female mind, thus eliminating the burdensome need
for women to think for themselves.

Sometimes I do believe
That the bane of my existence
Is the guilt of giving in
To what lowered my resistance.
Catherine Russell



Susan Clayton

BECK & SON FORD, inc.



MADISON, NO. CAROLINA

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Susan Clayton

The Sun

Boldly the Sun rises each day
Begins his trek across steel-blue skies,
His fiery beard the rays that sweep
Over the earth in invisible waves.
As he turns his face away from the earth
His garments veiling the crimson skies,
He vainly searches for the beautiful Moon
Who passed that way only hours before.

Catherine Russell

The Moon

Timidly the Moon lifts her milk-white face
Softly illumines the Earth below,
Her breath the breeze that cools the air
Raven hair that blankets the sky with night.
It will soon be morn for the Sun arrives
Carrying the dawn upon his shoulders,
She quickly fades, too delicate to behold
The shining brilliance of his smile.

Catherine Russell

The waters that lie between us
Seem so shallow now-
Will they still be the same
When you return

Will the waters have risen too high
And be too polluted for either of
Us to walk across

To meet and talk and embrace each other
As before, if things are kept pure
In our hearts-
The pollution won't ever destroy us.
Jeannie Clayton



Allison Booker



R.M.S.

Traveling down the road
To where
Do you know
I don't think so
Cause I don't know
We'll travel many roads
This I do know
And we'll always end up the same place
Back here
Together
Traveling
 Jeannie Clayton

If the Gas Goes—



Where Will RCC GO?



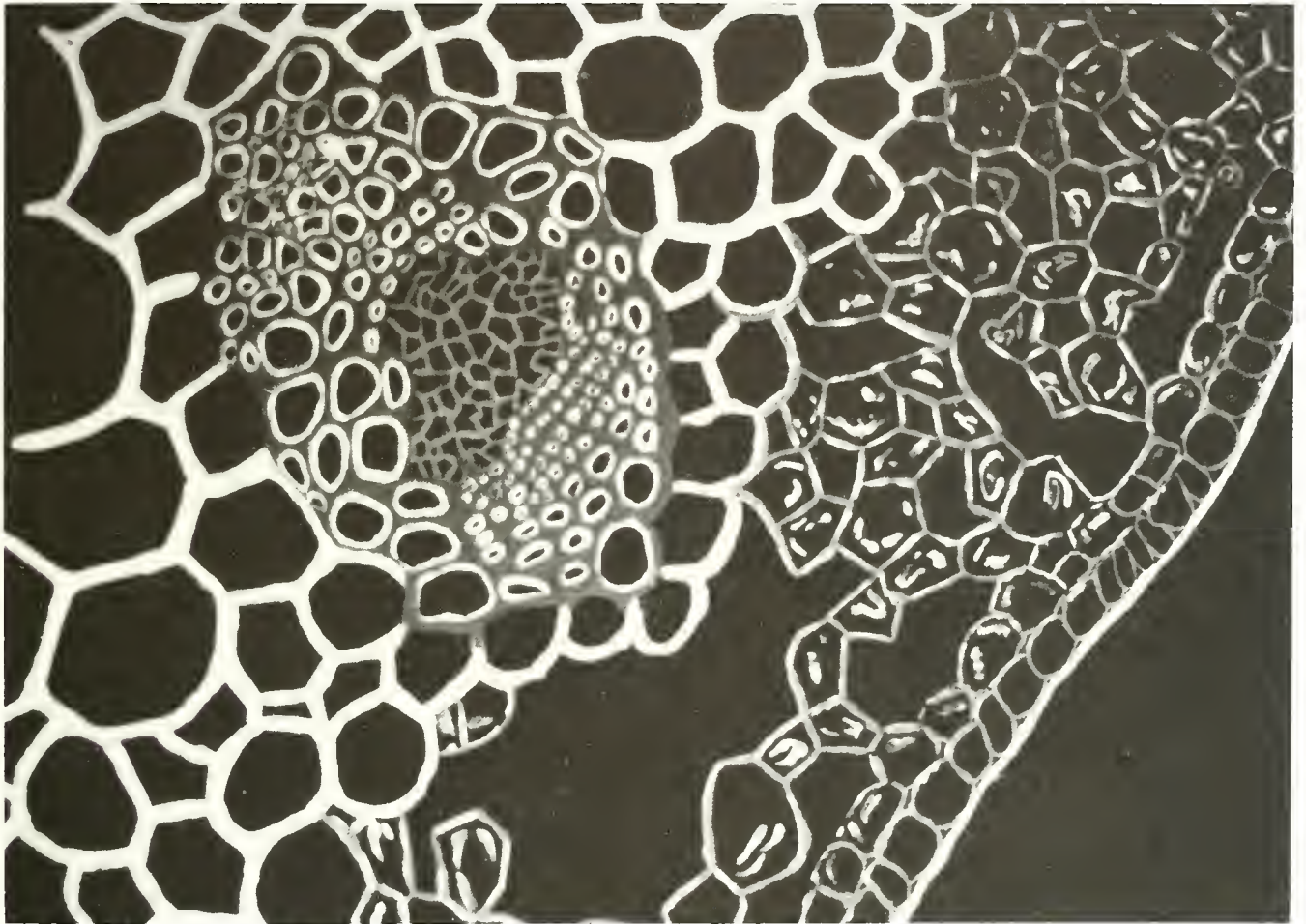


Oh, Yea!
We've Got All Kinds
of Classes
At RCC

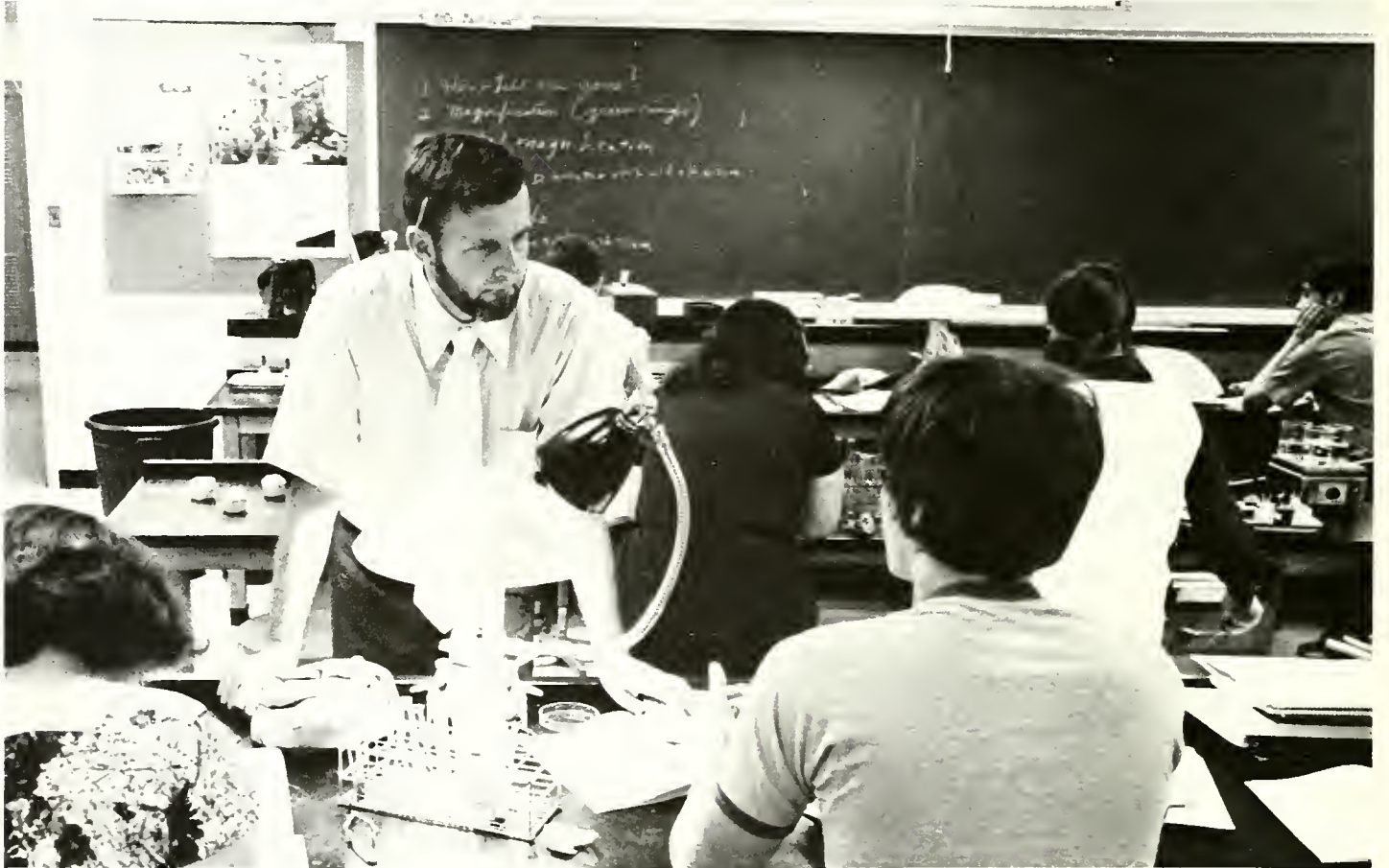
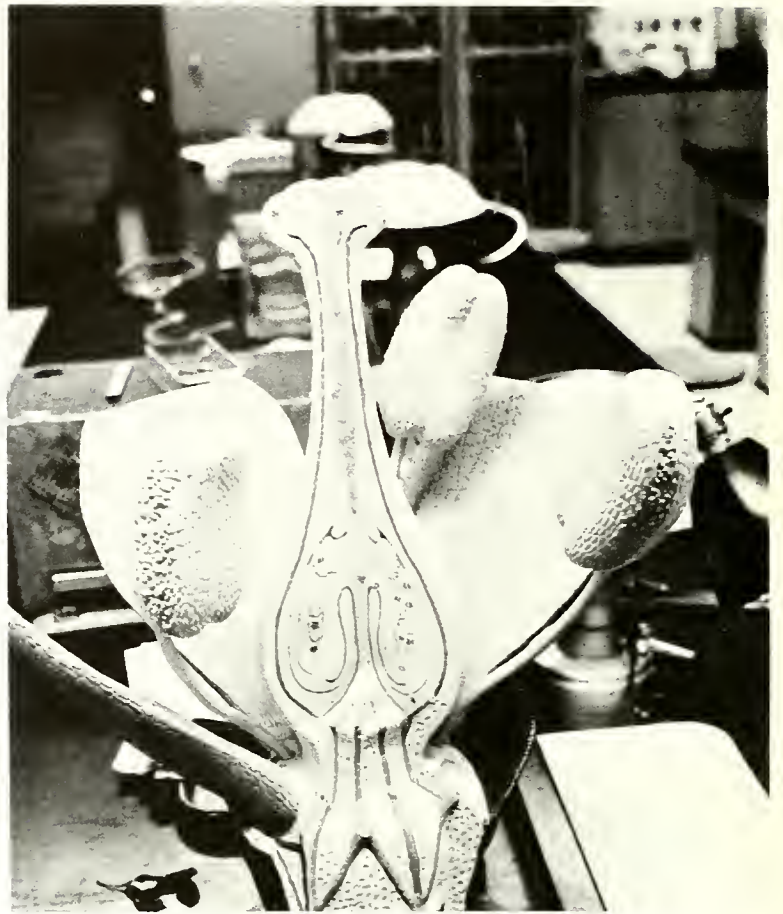








Ronald Hogson











Together . . .



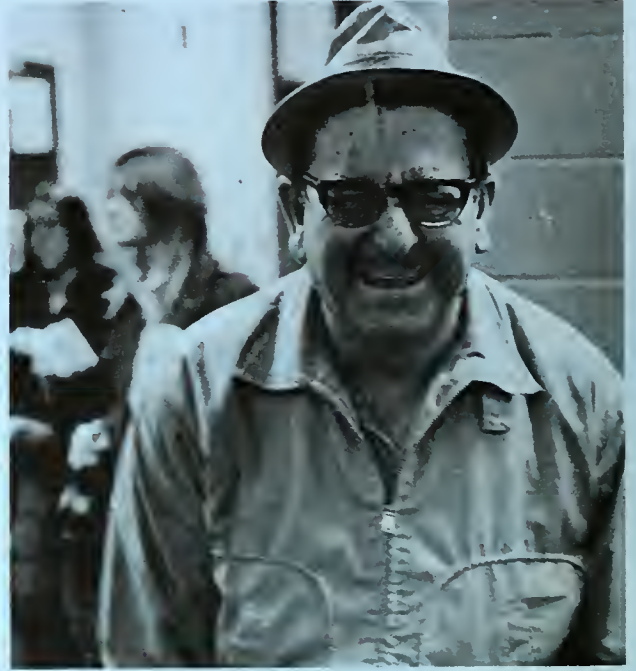
... 'Cause Apathy died at RCC

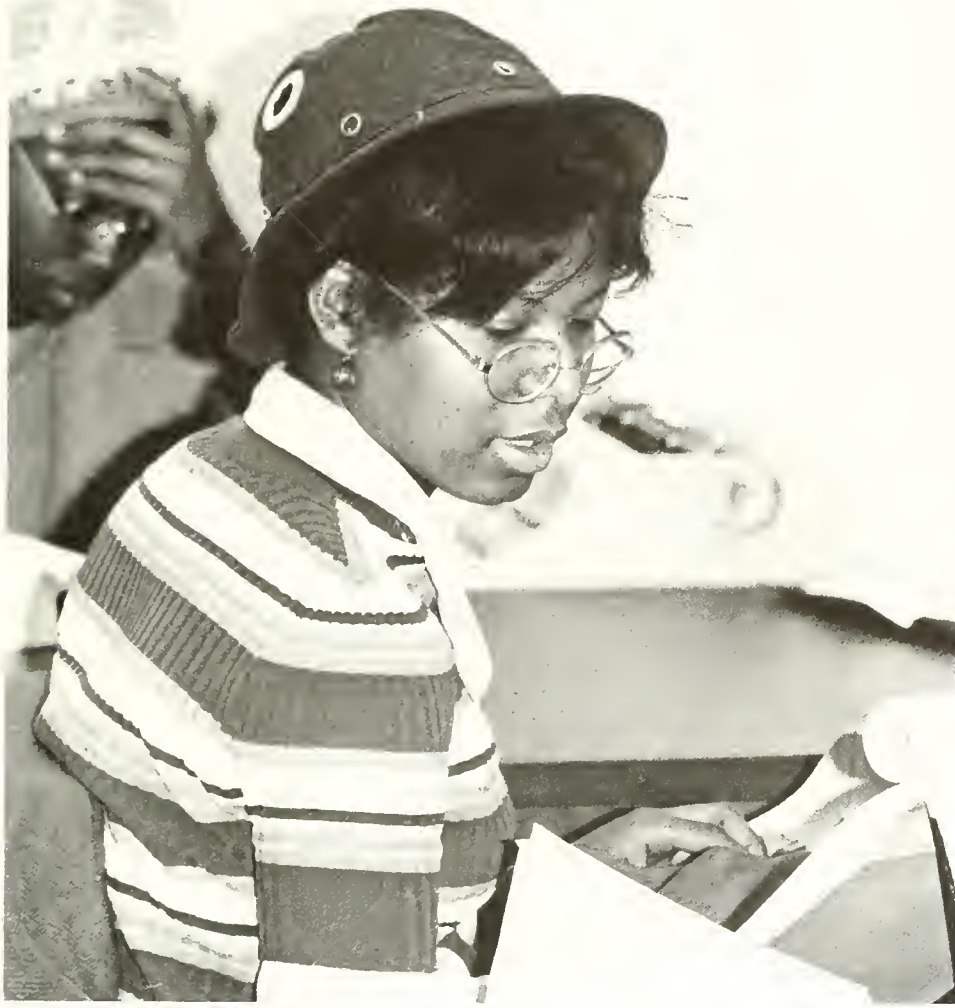






and many HAPPY people . . .

















student life





Joyce Culler









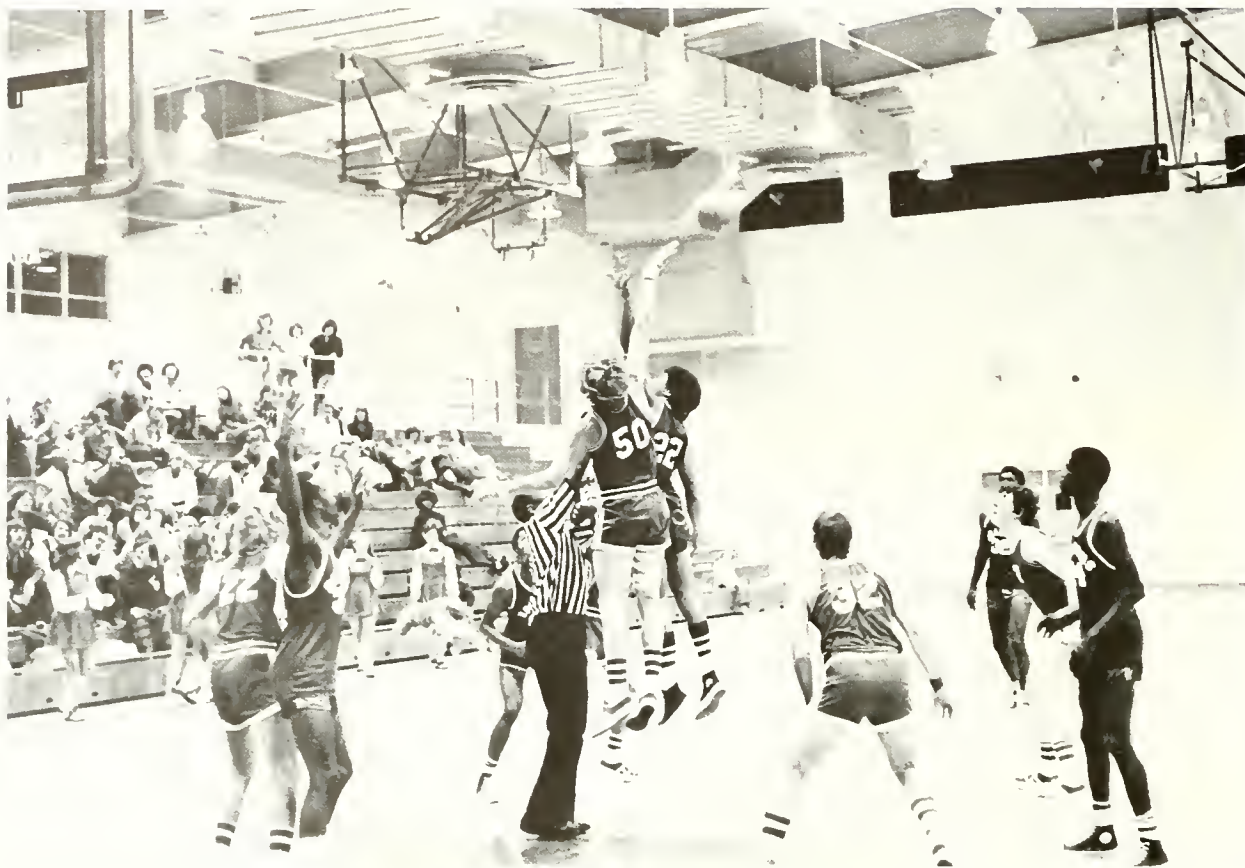


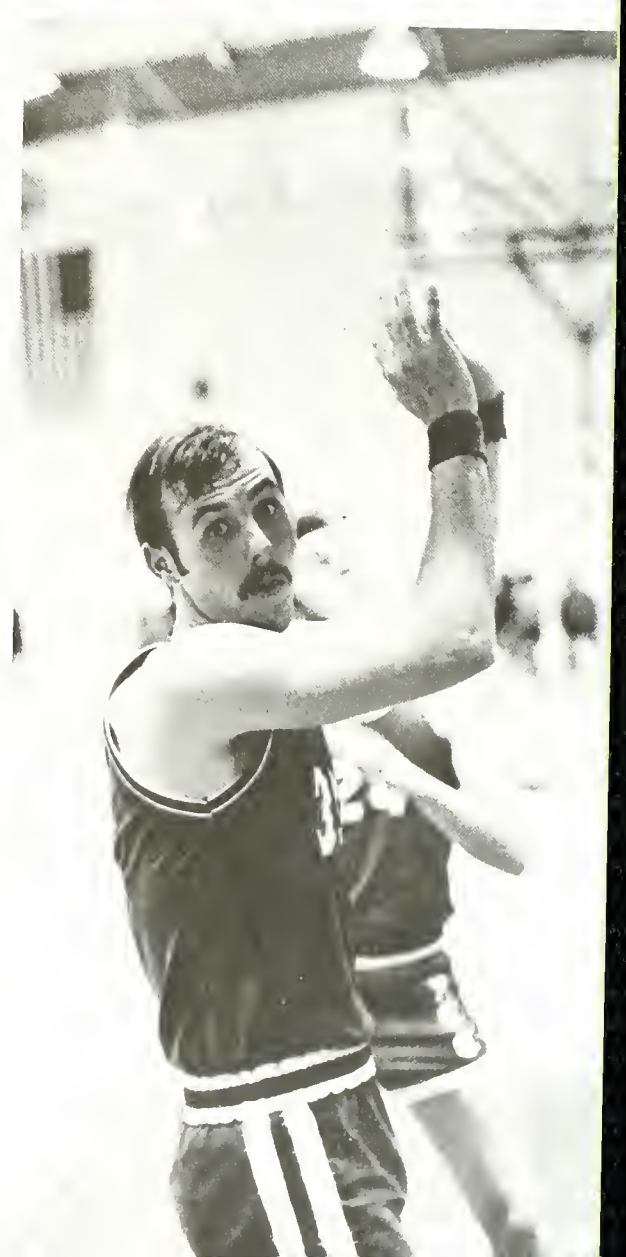


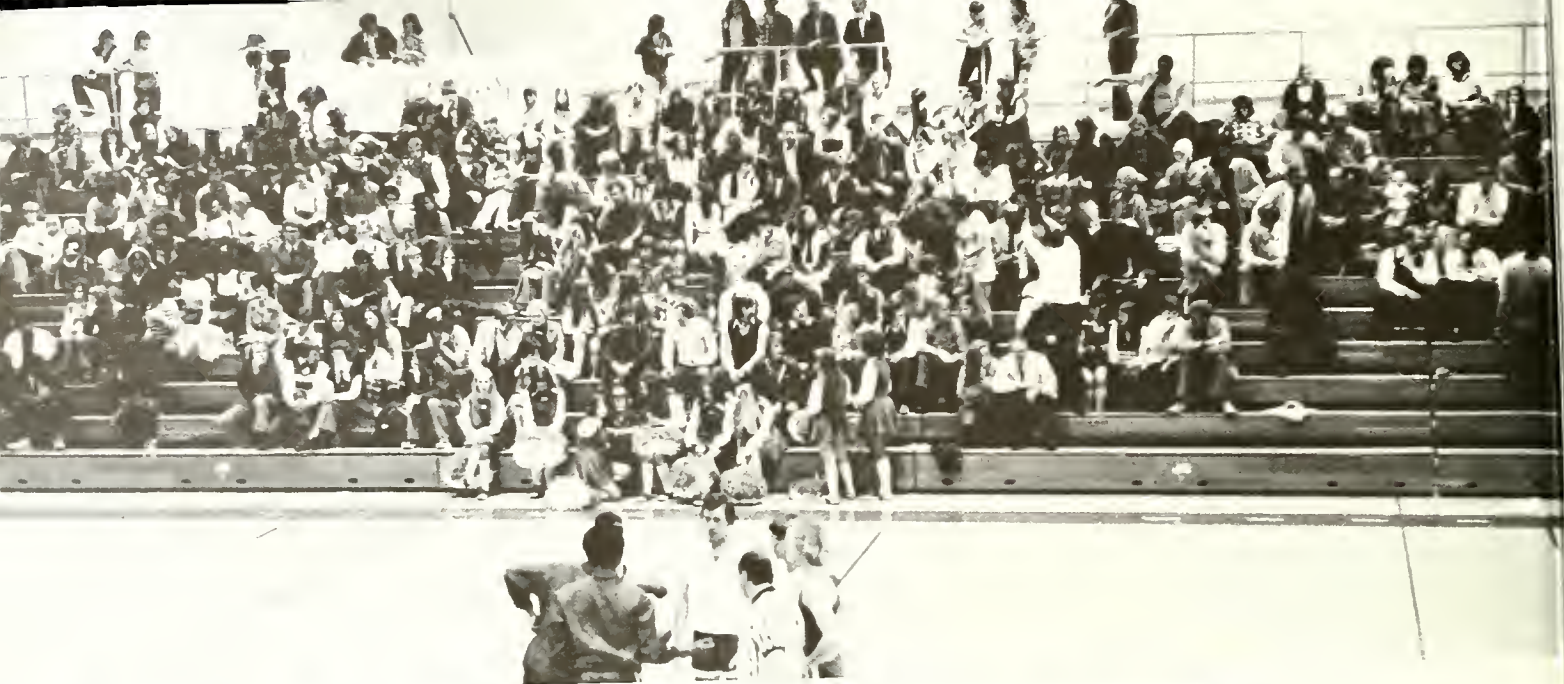




RCC's No. 1 Sport . . .

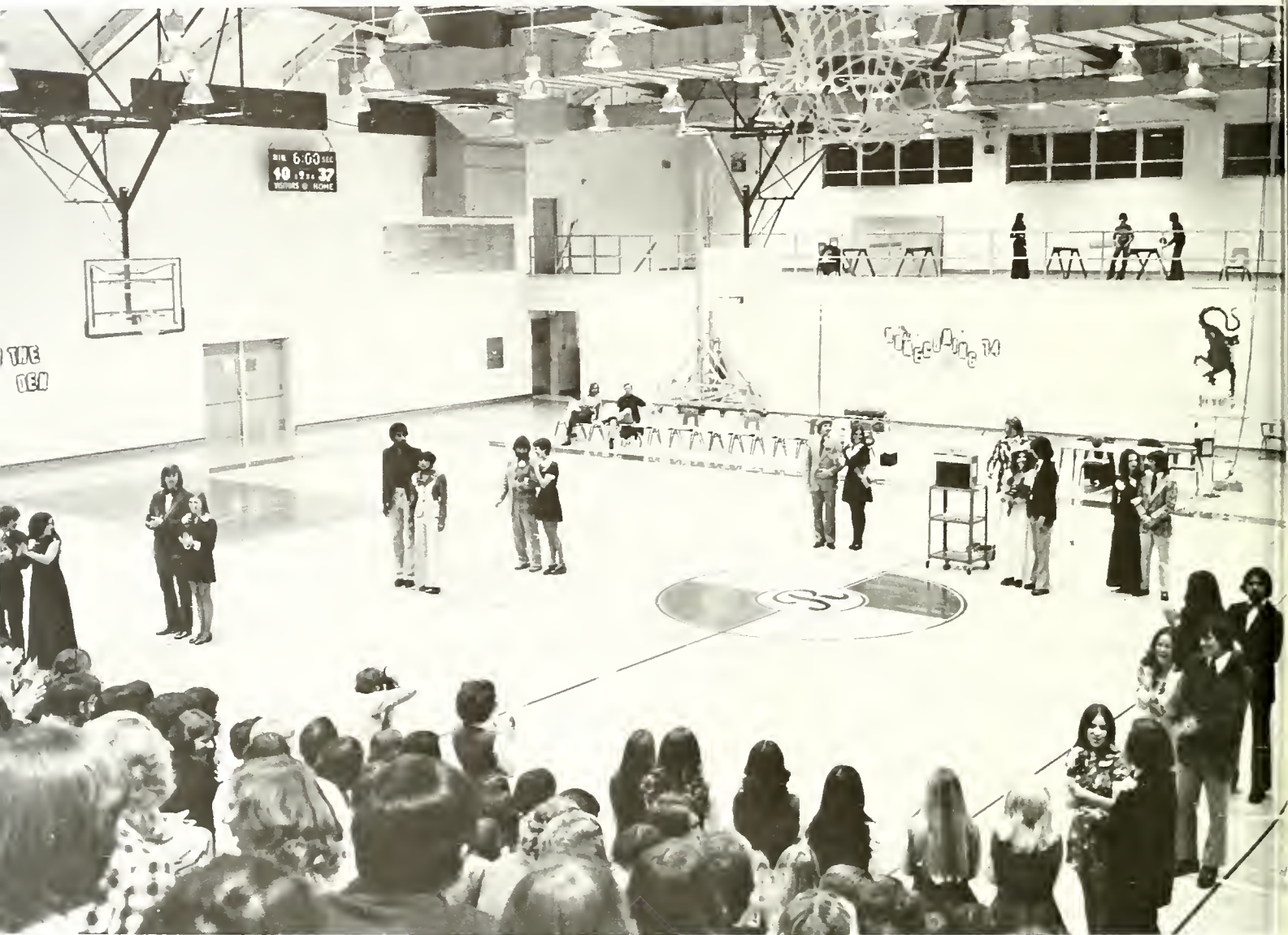








Homecoming '74



Jeannie Clayton — Homecoming Queen

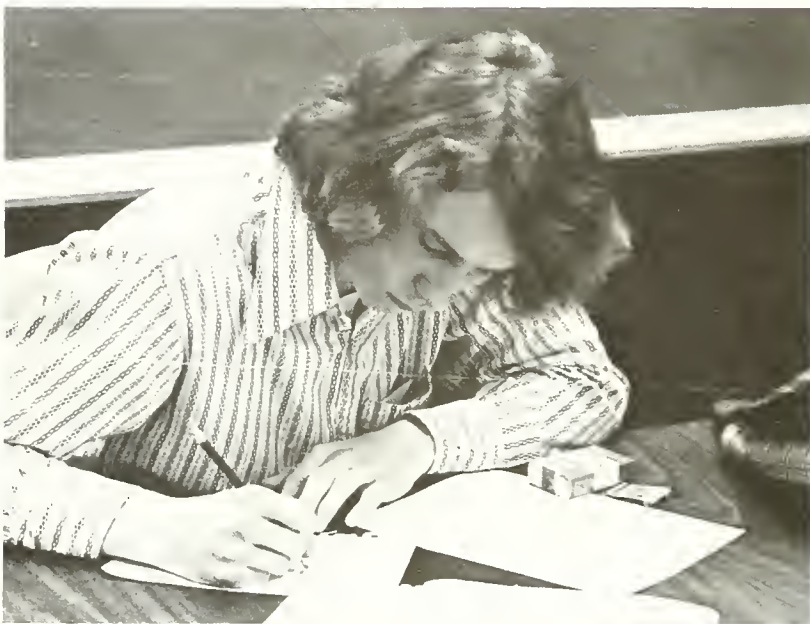


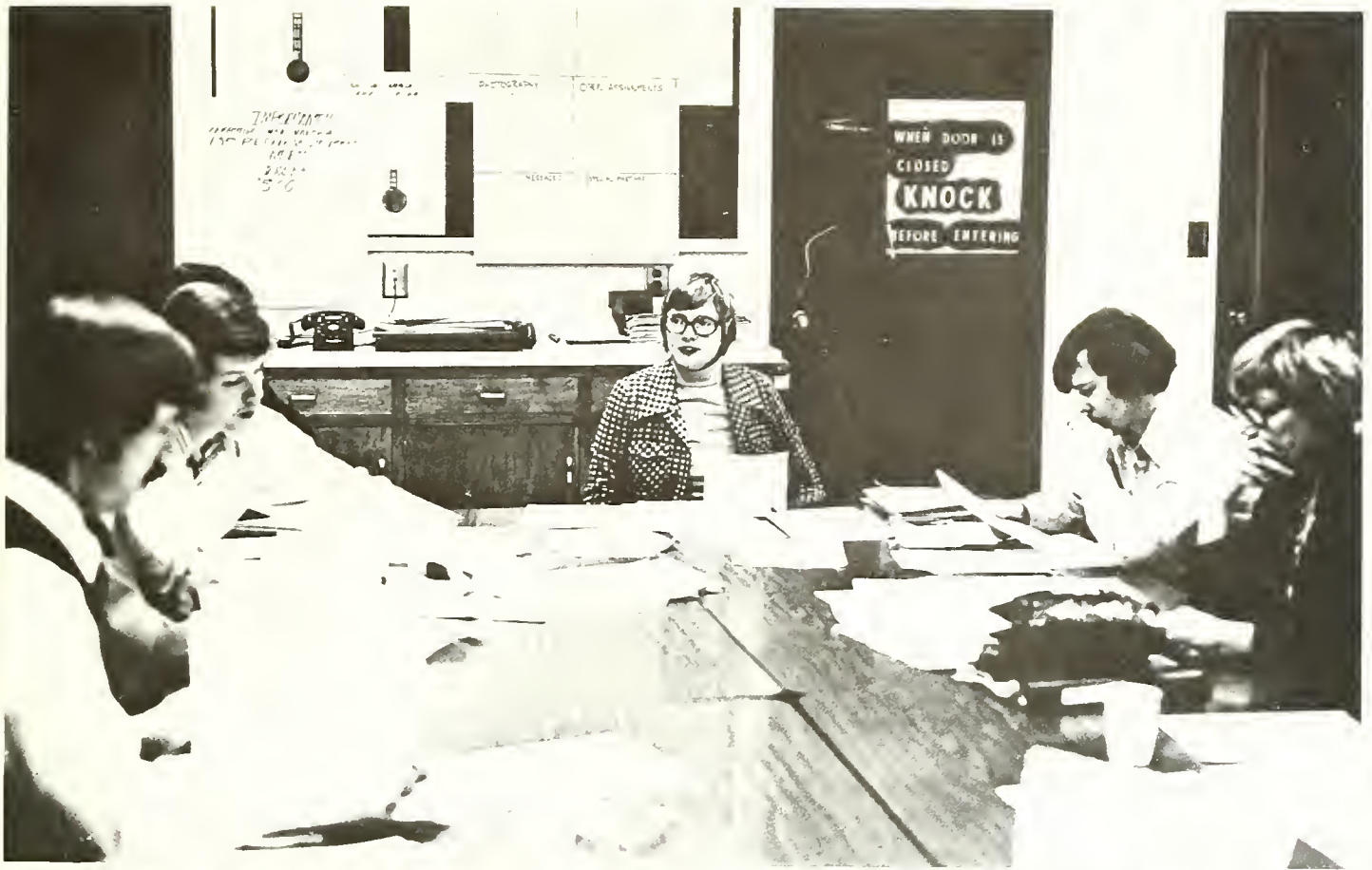


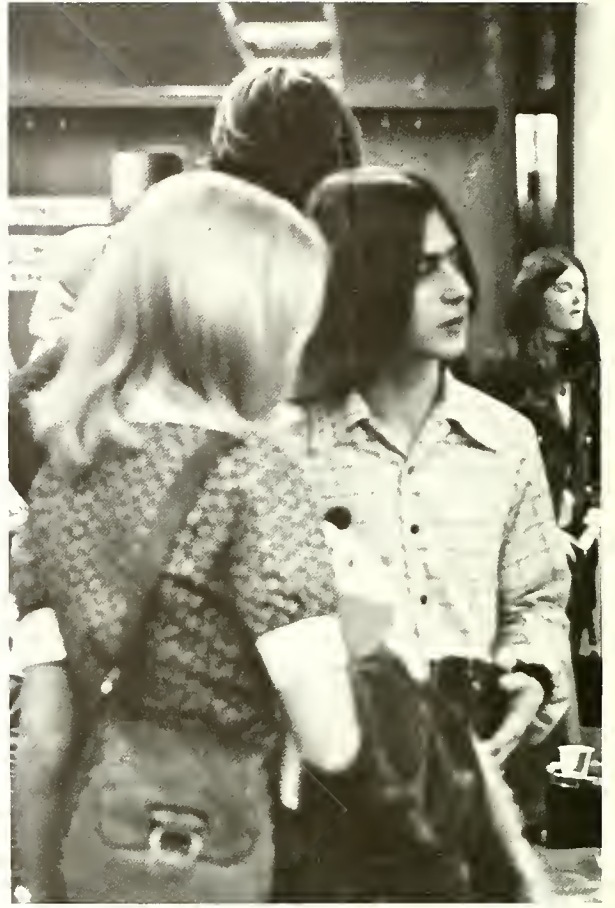












Debate of the year?





Dennis James



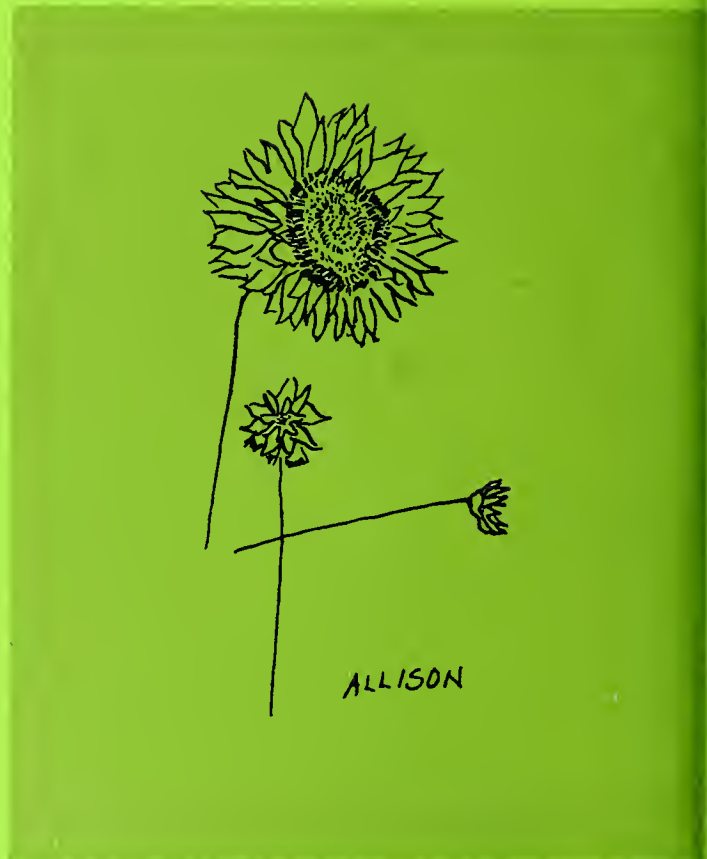
Derrek Archer





Susan Clayton

Allison Booker



Gayle Tatarski

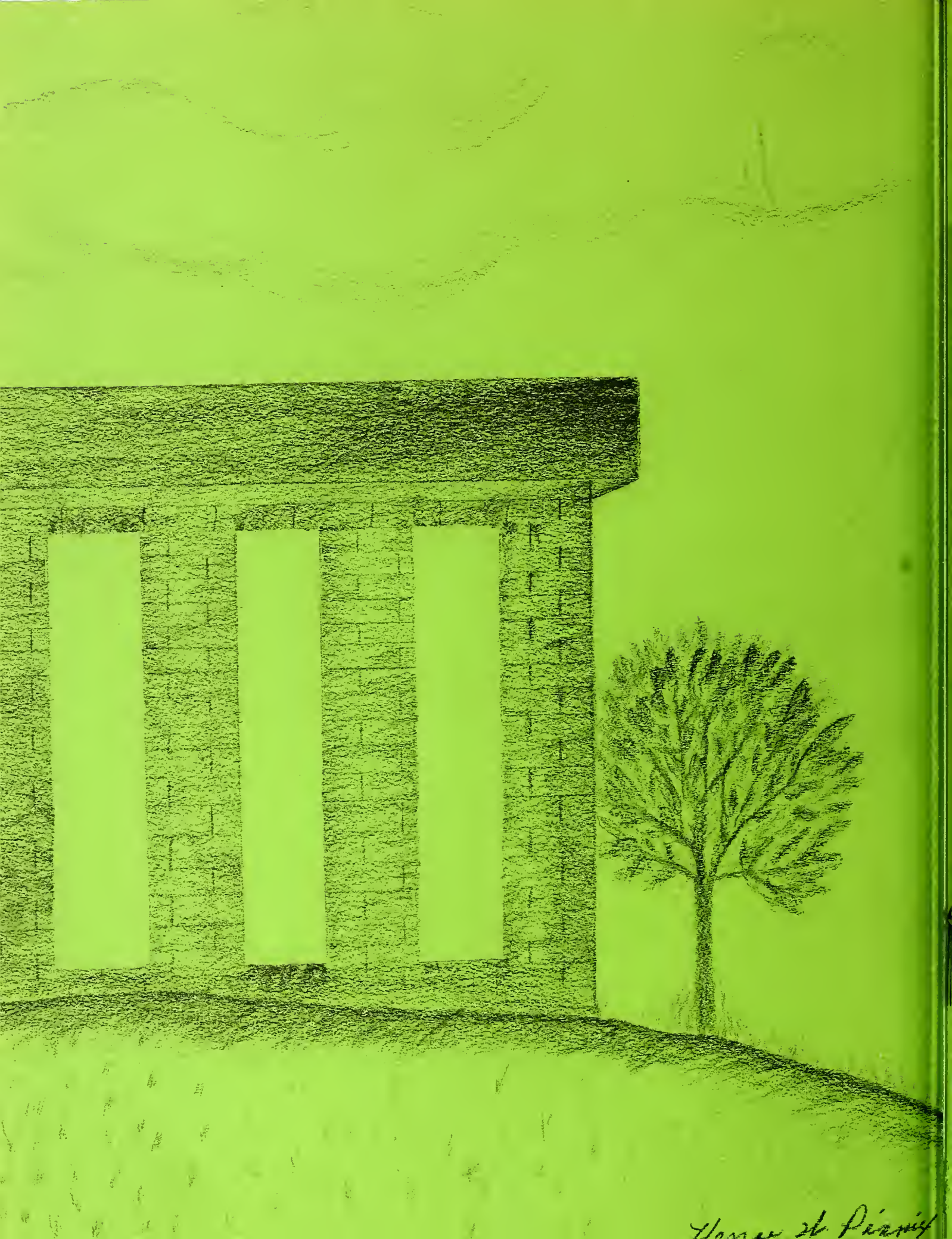




Allison Booker



Woodcut
Dennis James



House at Pinar

Hess 10



Hessie Pinnix

Gayle Tatarski



R.S. Hodgson



R.S. Hodgson



Abstract
Lou Ann Boothe



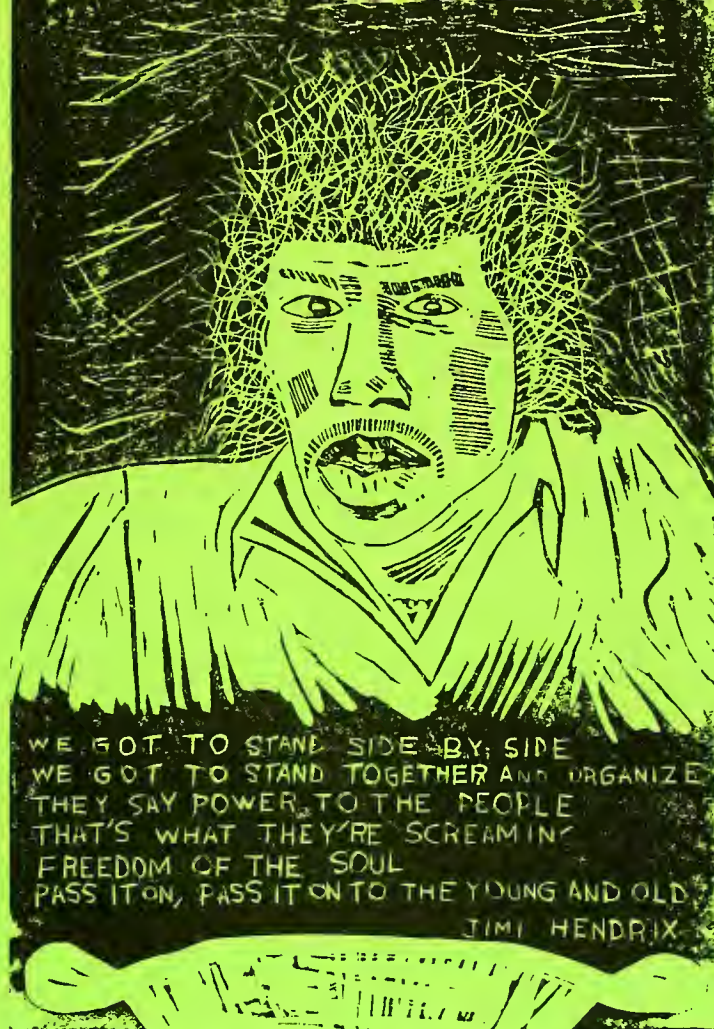
Terry Mayew

Woodcuts

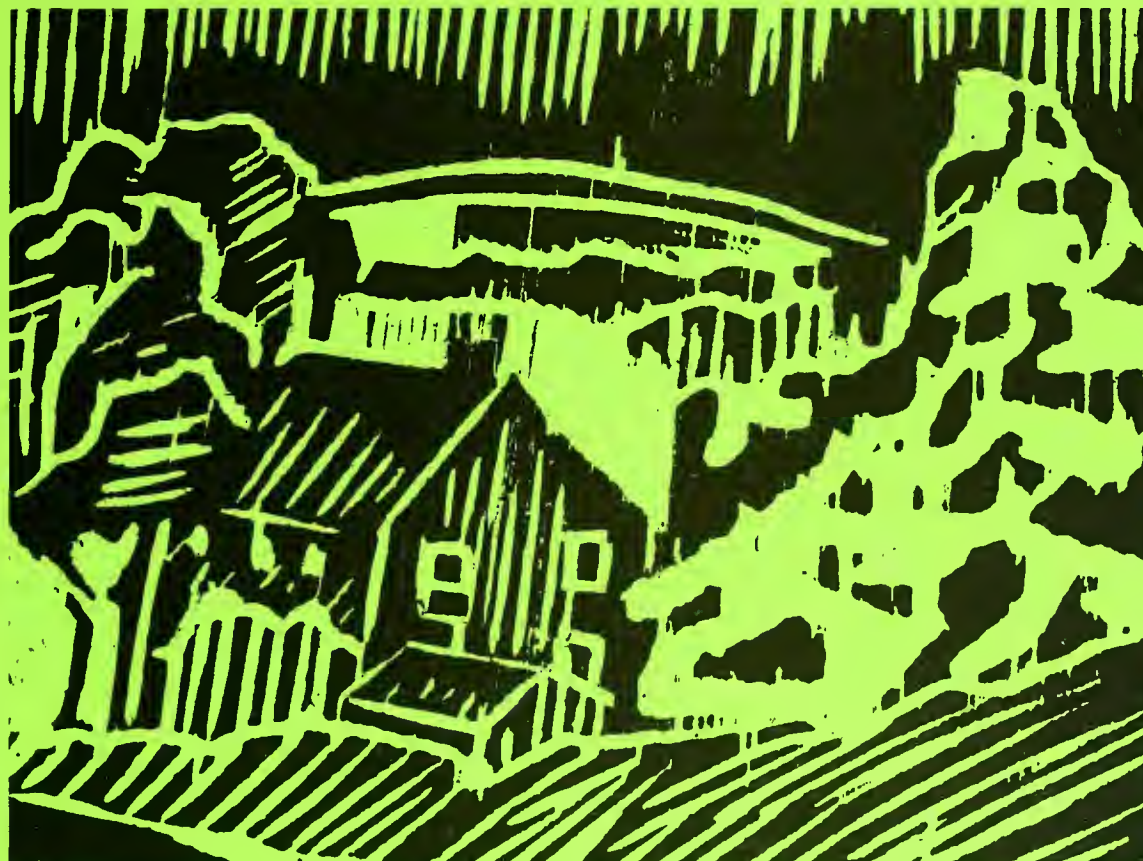


Melissa Amos

R.S. Hodgson



Henderson Moorefield



Self-Portraits



Donna Jackson

Nancy Henley



Cindi Oakley



G. Wilkerson

Hooper & Moore

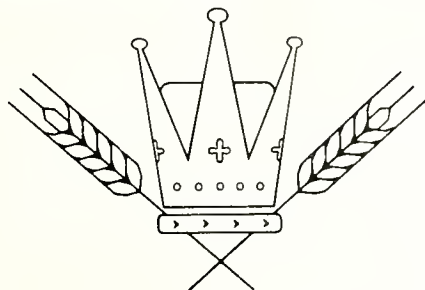
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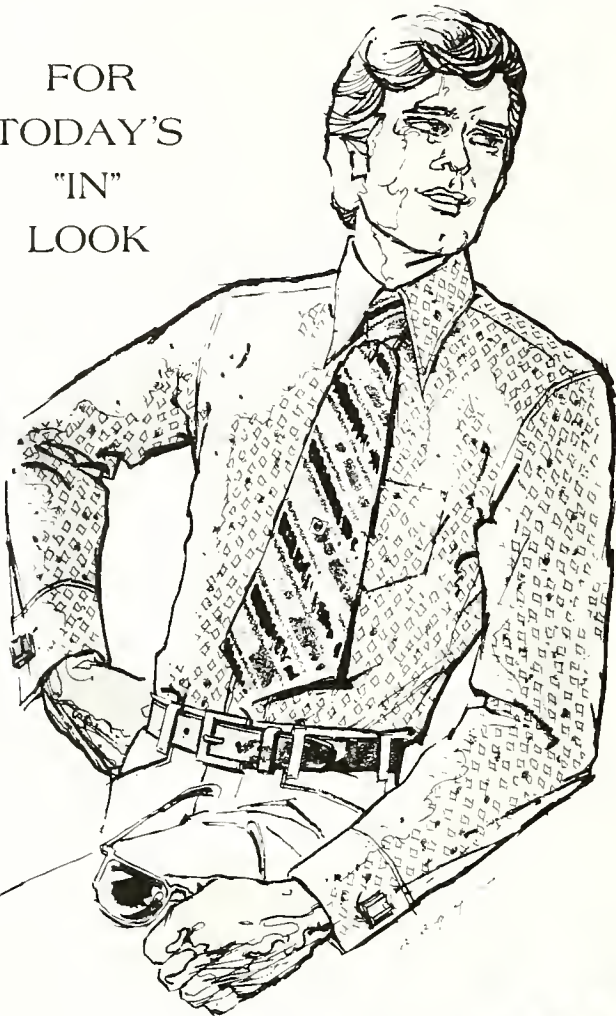
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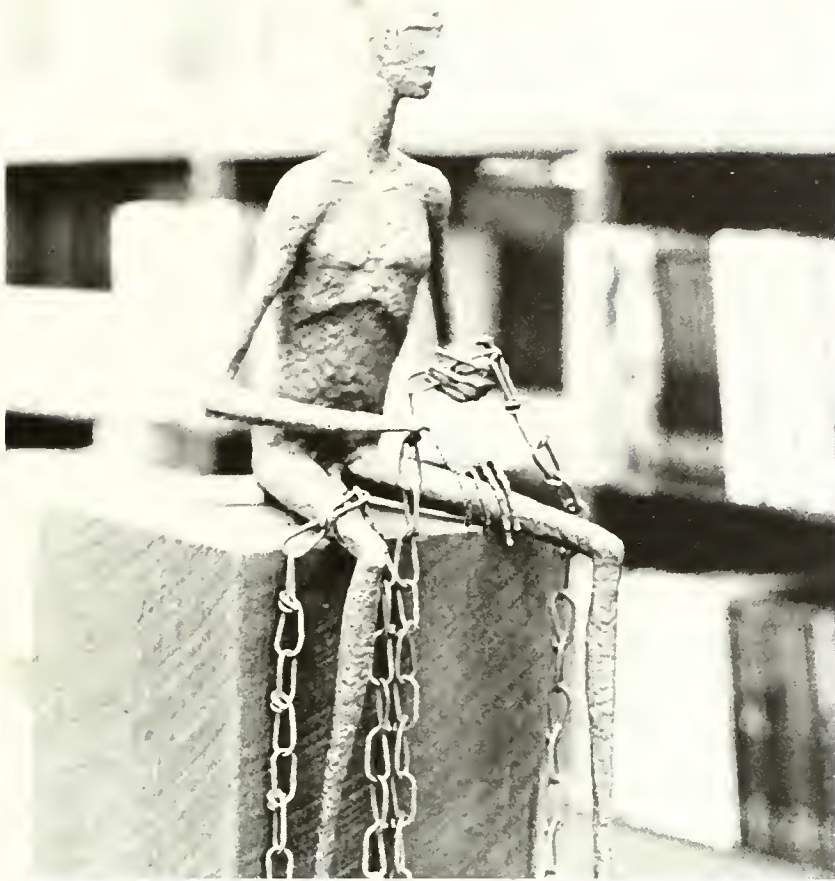
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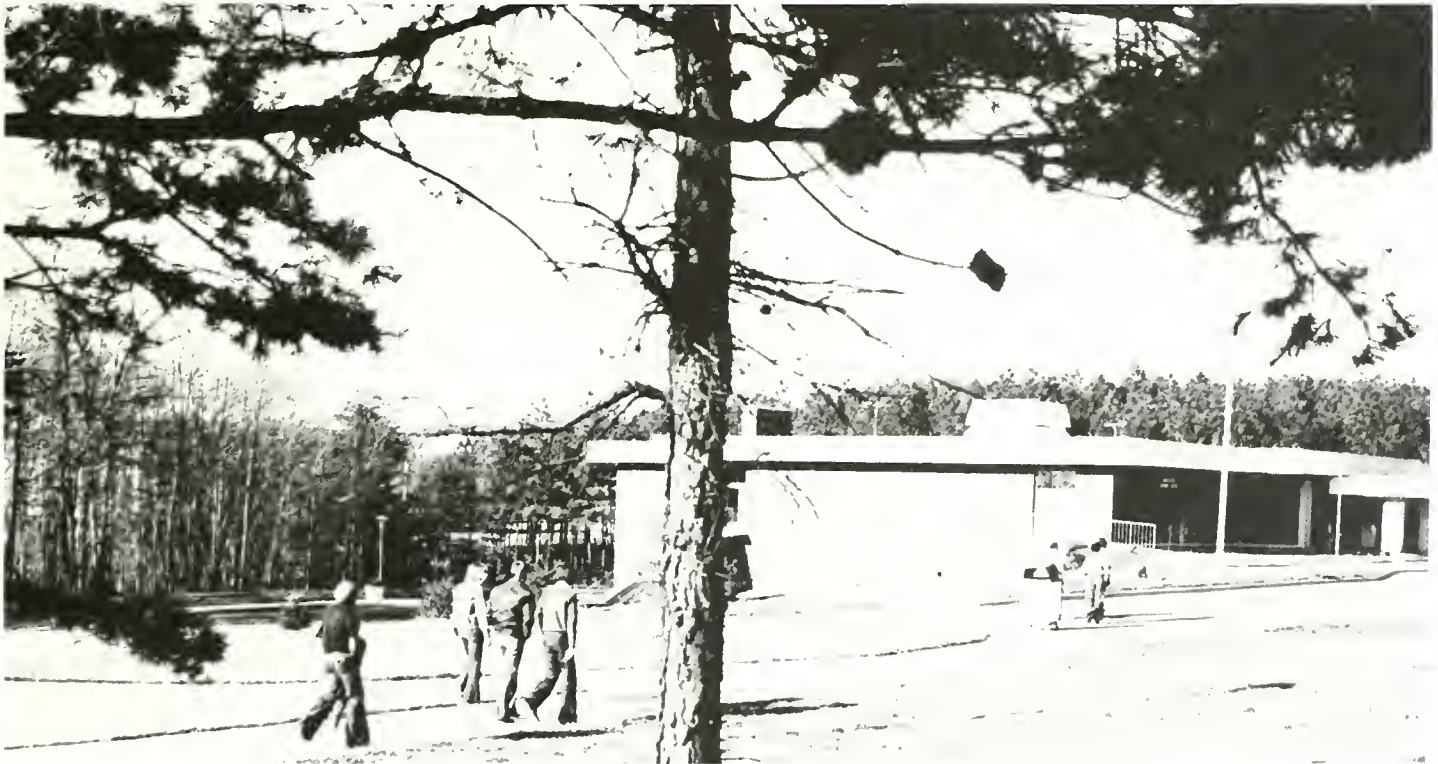


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